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which Plato would have been permitted to express his various moods. And while the rest of us dare not aspire to the class of Plato, it is pleasant for us, too, to give rein now and then to poetic fancy. It is true that we must not confuse poetry and science, but it is also true that science has its own poetry. While pragmatism has not been insensible to the softer muses of literature, it has not, I think, been indifferent to the severer muses of science. It is a pleasure to be mentioned, in whatever way, with Wm. James—not the late, but the ever inspiring genius in American thought. Perhaps no one's friendship has meant so much to me, and I believe that his guidance is in the right direction. Philosophy, however, is necessarily individualistic in its efforts, even if not in its results; and much as I am indebted to others, I do not want any one to be responsible for my small attempts, be they successful or unsuccessful. Truth must be judged coldly on its merits, irrespective of personal or party affiliations. It would indeed be presumptuous to ignore the past. One cannot defeat the genuine results of thought by giving them labels. We must take them for what they are, whether called pragmatistic or rationalistic or by some other name. The great systems of history overlap; and sometimes the overlappings are the more significant parts. In the meantime, while history is identifying the significant voices in the Babel of many tongues, we must be tolerant, for only so can we judge sanely. I thank you for extending this philosophic tolerance to pragmatism.

J. E. BOODIN.

GAMES OF CHANCE.

A Timely Essay on Certain Possibilities of Gallant Living.

The present is a time of blood-tests. Now I should not be a bit surprised, if, could the facts be known, all times would be found to have made blood-tests. Not that all have counted the red corpuscles or the white corpuscles or have been learned about phagocytes and spirochetes and trypanosomes and other agents of health or disease, but simply this. All must have had some disposition to trace local symptoms, especially local diseased conditions in the body personal or let me now add, at once making the suggestion of the blood-test a metaphor, in the body social, to such a general basis of life as the blood. Be this, however, as it may, our time with its commanding presence, among all its other grounds for importance, is

a time of the blood-test. Closely and minutely, using the microscope or something analogous to it when we need to, we are nowadays constantly looking to the sources and bases of life for our diagnosis and our treatment of the various conditions, moral as well as physical, which for good or for ill affect humanity.

And the habit of taking chances, of playing at games of mere chance for some valuable return, can claim no exemption under the rule. Apparently only a local trouble manifested in the offensive practices of "sports," of professional betters and gamblers, it can not fail to appear in some form or forms, perhaps as cause, perhaps as effect, of the local ill, in the general life of society. What is society, in fact, but a natural training-school for the various professions, for all of these, reputable and disreputable, and what are the followers of any profession but, if not formally, then informally, the accredited graduates of some department of that school, being produced by it and, as with all loyal graduates, ever after supporting and strengthening it through their influence and example? The "sports," then, personnel as they are of one of society's informally—nor am I altogether sure that I need to say informally—authorized professions, are in some sense, yes, in some very vital sense, only what all in society are, and they are actually doing what all are doing. This being true, it must pay to make the timely and very practical blood-test. It must pay, with such care and minuteness as the conditions require, to find out wherein the members of society at large are also playing at games of chance.

What then are the facts? Always such a brutal question! In what ways, unconsciously or consciously, without deliberation or with it, are we and our fellows generally, like the betters and the gamblers, relying on chance for attainment of something worth while? How are we given to "get rich quick" schemes, whether the returns sought be money or any other good, such as social position, public office, reputation or even moral and spiritual excellence? In short what games of chance can we find, when we look closely, in the life-blood of society?

In response to this pressure for the facts, ordinarily hidden from view, no Latin or Greek names like spirochetes or trypanosomes or any others are required, although such names I suspect could be coined very easily if really desired. Without using learned names then among the games of chance to which, it is true for the most part unconsciously, the members of society are widely addicted, I would call attention to the following list, which is rather long and,

I am sure, will not be found lacking in commonplaceness: carelessness, of the hunter, or the automobilist, or the trustee, or of any of that large class of the people who "didn't mean to do it" or who wouldn't have meant to, if by chance they had done it; disorderliness, which in all situations as well as on ship-board involves large and serious risks; idleness and indifference of him who dilly-dallies, of the large majority of the voters of the country, of any one who waives or just neglects responsibility; blindness of the sort that doesn't look; dependence on circumstances, on neighborhood or companionship, on birth and its assumed privileges; easy diversion from one's chosen pursuit, such an insidious foe to any success and so, obviously, making success, if it come, only a happen; and, lastly, stale possession, that is, possession without effort in the attainment and without use or at least without productive or vital use after the attainment, being such possession, for a notable example, as that which many if not most children have in what their parents have acquired. As to this last game of stale possession and particularly as to the selected example of it, is it not one of the hardest facts of this or any time that parentage so often defeats its best purposes by training its children to be only—and here is a strange instance of double meaning—children of fortune?

But also quite consciously and deliberately do the members of society at large have their games of chance. Thus the habit of entering upon specific tasks consciously unprepared is widespread. Students and teachers the country over are addicted to it but certainly have no monopoly of its hazards. Conscious incompetence, however, is even more flagrant and is almost as common. From this springs quackery, which has its large following not merely in medicine but also in every other occupation or important relation. Public offices of all sorts are burdened with quackery and its amazing greed, and all the professions have to contend with it. A Christian clergyman, for a timely if not novel illustration, ignorant of modern society and its problems and of the effects of modern scholarship on the history and the interpretation of the Bible or of the church, at least ought to be made to show cause why he should not be condemned for a quack. Surely he is incompetent and probably consciously so, and being incompetent, he is, like any quack, only "playing" for his large stakes. Could irreverence go farther? And, besides lack of preparation and besides conscious incompetence, there are many other similar games of chance deliberately entered into and put in competition with reputable occupations. Last in this

second list, however, I mention "high finance." This needs only mention and I need not say that it is not by any means confined to Wall Street and other places of the same sort. Just as there are "get rich quick" schemes for all things worth while, so are there "high" methods for them all. Nor is the situation ever improved by the disposition to eliminate the element of chance through the use of loaded dice sometimes called "wires" or "pulls." Indeed high finance might be defined as playing for very large stakes with loaded dice, the loading being proportional to the elevation. Thus is one offense easily compounded with another, but suffice it to say here, high finance and low gambling evidently are extremes that meet.

The suggested blood-test has now been made. The facts are before us. The habit of playing for possible but really and obviously unearned returns appears in the blood that courses through all parts of the social life. And with the habit, let me add, goes a peculiar and most inordinate greed, mentioned already as belonging to the particular game of incompetence. By a strange law, the more a man relies on mere chance the more return or reward he seems to expect for his trouble. Perhaps, too, his greed, being so justified, leads him to think that he has a right even to cheat chance by loading his dice. How else, forsooth, can he make sure of the return that is so obviously—think of the risks!—his due? Splendid casuistry, of course. Indeed its argument runs so easily that one has to wonder if, like much if not all casuistry, it may not possibly be on the surface of some deep truth. What deep truth may come to light before we have finished, but now a very practical question must be met.

Thus, wherein is gambling wrong? Why may we not rely on chance? Why may we not, whatever the ways and means, get all we can of all the things that are worth having? If acquisition be a right or even a duty, why object to any successful method? After all is said, can there really be anything inherently bad in getting rich by chance?

In reply to these questions three reasons suggest themselves at once, and every one of the three is cogent. First, so many have to fail, the game of chance as in any lottery being successful to the very few. Second, success, even if it come, is very precarious, the "new rich" always walking on very thin ice. And, third, downfall, if it come, is very brutal, since children of fortune ordinarily receive little if any mercy. But cogent as these three reasons are, not one of them has for me the weight or the importance of the reason

that follows, for not one of them is as direct as this. Fourthly, then, all games of chance are essentially profane. They are like so much swearing. Only, their offense is not in spoken word but in overt action and, I suppose, being in the act, they are really more seriously profane than words can ever be.

But what can my meaning be? All games of chance are deeply, actively profane for just this reason. They drag low one of the most sacred factors of all life. In the whole purview of human experience nothing is more sacred than chance. Sometimes we do call it by another name, such as uncertainty or possibility or opportunity, or by names even loftier in their suggestion than any of these, but the name is unimportant. By whatever name it be called, chance is a very sacred thing. It is, like property or ambition or self or sex or many another affair of life, always of course a basis of much evil, but also always a great good. In it, as in those other things, the worst and the best in life seem to have a common ground. As for the worst in chance we have already seen certain serious diseases in the life-blood of society. Now, with regard to what is best, with regard to the sanctity of chance, we have to consider closely and carefully the following:

The spirit of adventure, to begin with, has been a great maker of history. There had been no pioneers and no frontier without it. Yet adventure has ever been a game of chance, often a very noble game of chance. Remove its uncertainties and the many dangers incident to them and you would rob it of its splendid romance and in general of a peculiar quality, I know not by what word to describe that quality, which has always belonged to it and which has greatly enriched human history and the life that is ever looking to history for its inspiration. Is there a nation whose patriotism at any time does not depend for its incentives to new achievement upon the adventurous spirit of the past? And then, quite akin to adventure but on one side more practical and on another more intellectual, or say, as to both sides, less romantic and more soberly rational, there is experiment. Experiment, not less than adventure, is essentially a relation to the possible but uncertain. Certainty as to its results would destroy the real although somewhat subtle courage so important to its interest and worth. In its more intellectual phase experiment has been, as it were, the pioneer at the frontier of all the great scientific discoveries of any time and of course particularly of recent times. It is, too, the leading attitude of mind in the explorations or speculations of all philosophy. In

short, for the intellectual life, experiment, or its great instrument the "working hypothesis" that is not without its analogies to the weapons and the armor, including, I suppose, even the sword of the spirit with which heroes of old went forth in quest of something worthy or holy, is a sacred thing and is sacred not in spite of the uncertainty implied in it, but, apart from other grounds, because of it. And in real life, so called, that is in practical affairs, in industry and politics, in morals and in all social relations, experiment is as worthy as character, for, at least as much as anything else, it is what makes character.

But experiment and adventure both require courage, which is nothing more nor less than the ability to face uncertainty or, better put, to seize on what is merely possible. As has been said in so many ways for so many centuries, all great success depends on the courage of failure. A pretty paradox, but as vitally true and holy as it is paradoxical! And to courage, among the marks of life as a noble game of chance, one must add—the novelty being, it is true, hardly more than in the names—heroism and unselfishness. The last of these has almost a suspicion of a misnomer, but, without pausing for any investigation, the heroic or the unselfish person risks much if not all that he has and so, remembering that a wise man once went so far as to define philosophy as "a sacred disease," in imitation I would now boldly call him that lives heroically and unselfishly a sacred gambler. Selfishness never risks anything, or rather it never risks what is the self's own, having little hesitation in playing fast and loose with what belongs to others, but in all gallant living there is the deep, pure holiness of the merely possible. Certainty has a brutality about it or a worldliness that actually suggests such a man as Thomas, strangely known as the "doubting Thomas." Poor Thomas insisted on having his dice loaded. The heroic depths of real doubt were never even suspected by him.

Finally in this noble list I have to mention religion. To define religion is by no means simple or easy. My notion of it, too, may be quite different from what many have seemed to think about it. The feeling of absolute dependence; apprehension—of course through some faculty more subtle than that of logical reasoning—of the infinite; pure faith or belief or spiritual vision; love of God or communion with God; these have all been ascribed to it, these and much else besides. Yet somehow none of the many accounts of religion that are known to me, even when such words, so easily misconstrued, as faith and belief, are used, really make of it or mean to make of

it a relation to certainty, and with this fact—or should I call it simply a reflection of my own?—in mind, were I to define religion, borrowing a phrase already frequently employed here, I should speak of it as a personal attitude, an always assertive and sometimes heroic personal attitude, not towards the certain, but towards the *merely possible*. Not that certainty may properly be denied to religion, but, if called upon to choose, keeping in view the more common usage of terms I must say that possibility rather than certainty characterizes the object of religious consciousness and the matter or substance of religious life. To make religion, very much as to make any of those other things, adventure and experiment and unselfishness, a relation to certainty, would be to compromise what is best in it. The certainty would take from religion its spiritual purity. Truly God is a spirit, and, if he be a spirit, if he be not just a perfect being, not merely some one who simply exists and so, when found, can just be believed in without any effort or assertion on man's part, that is, without any human demand being made on the only thing that is truly infinite, namely, the possible, but not certain, then is religion, and only then, as I think, can religion truly be, a character-making agent or power. Religion is then a matter of volition, or what James has called, if I understand him, a "will to believe." Again, one can not merely have religion or get it, as some seem to have or get things that just exist, money, for example; one can not just find God or confront and recognize him; on the contrary, assertively appropriating to oneself and one's life what, so *spiritually* real is God's nature, only may be, one must, with a real effort, worthy as it is heroic, make or will Him. God is, then, only what men, laboring in the field or in the vineyard of possibility, are bent, in spite of opposition and real danger, on asserting and achieving. So subtle a philosopher and mathematician as Pascal, of the seventeenth century, once advised a young man, to whom he was writing, to treat the Christian religion and especially the Christian belief in immortality as a wager probably well worth making; and, although one's first feeling must be a feeling of resentment against such a seeming irreverence, yet with reflection must one not see, even while objecting to Pascal's way of expressing himself in the language of profane living, that he was near to a deep appreciation of Christianity and of religion in general? But I would repeat: Religion is a personal attitude, an always assertive and sometimes heroic personal attitude, not towards the certain, but towards the merely possible.

So, in review, are adventure and experiment and courage and heroism and unselfishness and even religion itself all games of chance, but noble games of chance, and we can now understand clearly how it is that gambling or "playing" for possible but unearned returns, be it the gambling of society's accredited professionals or that of ordinary commonplace men, the gambling laity, who are careless and disorderly and needlessly blind and incompetent and often, such is their greed, dishonest in their "play," is essentially profane, dragging low one of the most sacred factors of all life. Gambling in any form seriously misuses or abuses just that from which, properly used, such things as courage and great heroism and religion have their rise.

But, the profanity of gambling having now been explained with special reference to its character as a game of chance, there remains to be said something, at least not less significant, with reference to the dice—a term that should be taken figuratively, not merely literally—and to the winnings. He who takes chances, we have been told, deserves a reward for his risk, for the self-denial of it, and may accordingly even load the dice on the strength of this desert. So ran the gambler's argument in casuistry. In this argument, however, there does lie a great truth, which, if I can succeed in presenting it, will only make the profanity of him who, pretending to take his chance, would basely cheat chance, appear still more offensive. Thus, truly the self-denial of risk merits a reward, and the right so constituted may always be protected by such effort to eliminate chance as the self's own powers of body and mind, openly and fairly used, may enable. Loading the dice, in other words, is only the gamblers' lazy and cowardly substitute for what all who take risks have a right to employ, that is, for what among those who live gallantly takes the form of fair play, which as I regard it is made up of personal effort, honesty and the skill that comes with attention and understanding. That intelligent attention is a factor of all fair play many men quite forget, but it is surely an important factor. Fair play, then, also always loads the dice. The game of life, fairly played, gallantly lived, cannot be a losing game. Risks do have their rights and their certain winnings and never was better way, I imagine, of interpreting the time-honored saying that virtue is its own reward. Virtue is its own reward, if the acts by which it would explore and exploit the region of possibility be the acts of real effort, if honesty pervade them all, and if the understanding derived from candid study and close thinking have en-

lightened them. Virtue's reward, moreover, has always satisfied a greed not merely for certain goods, but also for still larger possibilities. Whoever wins, be he gambler or gallant, wins the chance of winning more.

This essay on the possibilities of gallant living may very properly close with the simple remark that ability to take chances is a power possessed by every individual. Also, as in the case of any other power of individuals, it may be spoken of as one of any nation's important resources. Nations have so-called physical resources, that is, water-power, coal mines, climate, soil, strategic positions and the like, but they have also resources of a less tangible yet surely not less important sort in the peculiar character of their people or in the more general characters of all human beings and of these subtler resources the ability to take chances, is, I would assert with great emphasis, of inestimable value. Carefully protect and develop this power by proper training in the home and by a public education at school or in the civil and political and industrial life or in the church that will induce habits of care and orderliness and a disposition to honest thought and effort and to independence in both of these, and the nation will grow and grow strong, for its dice will be honestly loaded. Waste this great power with gambling, I do not mean the so-called professional gambling, for that is only local and relatively insignificant, but the gambling which is manifest in the circulating life-blood of the people at large, in the shiftlessness and the shoddyism, in the "get rich quick" schemes of all sorts and the high finance and in all the other profane uses of a life of chance, and the waste, whatever be the apparent winnings, will end in weakness and disaster. The modern nation is indeed rich, rich in the power of taking chances, but out of the wastefulness that has gone on for so long and that is so widespread there comes a call that must not go unheeded, for men who, instead of gambling, will play fairly and live gallantly.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

ALFRED H. LLOYD.

WORK TO BE DONE IN BUDDHIST CRITICISM.

AN APPEAL TO CHINESE SCHOLARS.¹

Perhaps there is nothing more romantic in the history of religion than the spectacle of a Parthian prince renouncing his throne in A. D.

¹ This communication was inserted by mistake without correction in the January number of *The Monist* (pp. 158-160) and is here reproduced in its proper form.